

Courts into resistance, filled up the gaps made by desperate battles, sang while others lamented; shouted victory to the despairing and never rested from the great work until their oppressor abdicated at Fontainebleau. Why should not our Fraternity be, in itself, a similar union of Virtue? Why should not its members act within the sphere of

its members not, within the sphere of our social, commercial and political forms, to purify and exalt the character of the people and the nation? Germany's liberation was the work of her young men; and the redemption of the United States from a demoralization

which clouds the escutcheon we all desire to see advanced in the fore front of civilization must be the work of *our* young men.

But those tasks which seem easiest to the ardor of youth, because most natural, become difficult as they grow more manly.

worldly wisdom, as it is called—but whose truer name is selfishness—which knows thousand covered ways of assault. There is mistrust of the nobler qualities of manhood—a social unfaith—which works with mo-

intangible instruments. There is the weariness that follows disappointment, the indolence that comes with ease, and often a dreary sense of loneliness when the expression of a man's truest aspiration seems to win no echo from

others. The foes that meet you in open field are least to be dreaded; those others lie in ambush to worry, and discourage, and finally overcome. Some will tell you that, in these times, each particular form of activity carries

with it an indirect reproach—that the development of our material resources, the ways of traffic, the fields of professional life, and the political arena are each and all invaded by the unworthy, and have lost something of the ancient honor. Why, if this be so, the de-

declaration should be as a trumpet summoning you to enter the lists. It is a low idea of manhood which imagines that it can be contaminated by associations. There can be no contamination from without until after it

born within the man. He who aspires to "the grand old name of gentleman" only becomes worthy of that name when he ceases to feel that he can ever lose it. The principles of honesty, fidelity in friendship, high hono-

and the faith that other men possess the principles, once rooted in our conscience and incorporate with our religion, will forever, like water, purify themselves from the turbid contact of lower natures.

More than this, you will find that there is no virtue which does not compel respect from the very men who pretend to deride it. The ignorant millionaire is ready, in his secret heart, to give half his possessions for the intelligence and refinement of the men at whose

market value he sneers. The corruption of the politician is like a shirt of hair-cloth, constantly fretting his skin under the broadcloth of his office. The selfish egotist is pierced through all his nature when he beholds the

devotion of friends and the love that follow the footsteps of a generous life. These are old and threadbare truths I am aware, but the course of life continually brings them back to us as fresh discoveries. It is not the asser-

I have spoken of the demoralization which follows war. We are now laboring under from one end of the country to the other. The

highest manly qualities—courage, devotion to a political idea, self-sacrifice—called into action on both sides, cannot elevate the mass to the higher interests which fed upon the struggle. The best blood of all, because the youngest

and most aspiring, was lost; and it is for you to replace it, not by continuing prejudice which must fade in the light of a better mutual knowledge—not by re-echoing on the silent battle-fields the vaunt of victory here

the resentment of defeat there,—but by coming forward to bear your part in the new duties of the day. I was born upon that geographical line which so long divided the sympathies of the States: the war took from me beloved relatives on the one side, beloved

beloved relatives on the one side, beloved friends on the other; and I vowed, when the last precious blood had been shed, to remember only our common self-sacrifice and our common heroism. I could not tear a leaf from the garland which commemorates the

In all this I have said, I have only meant to indicate the direction which our life

should take, not to trace out the rigid path the theorist. We need impulses, quite much as ideas. I cannot yet feel that you like joy, stands "with his hand at his lip kissing adieu." If there were any chill

my years, the warm blood which beats every vein of our Eastern world is always I feel a burning

[Below is the poem delivered on the occasion, by Daniel B. Lucas, Esq., of this county.—ED. SPIRIT.]

THE LOVE OF LETTERS.

From out her founts behind the Cassiopeas,
Through vague tradition, and old Orphic
rhyme,
Loud wailed the mournful voice of History,
That Oblivion was the only crop of Time!
Sweet symphonies of music, woman-voiced

Pure Eloquence, high Prophecy, stern Thought
Landscapes which in perennial bloom rejoiced
Majestic forms of beauty, all—all were forged
The Memphian splendor, and Etruscan pride,
Mausoleum, and pyramid, and fane,
All monuments were sermons petrified.

Till from the East the Love of Letters came,
Rudely equipped, but godlike even then,
And on her altars lit the sacred flame,
And called her Priests to testify to men!
With flute, and oaten stop, and lyre half-strung
Each with Divine Impressions over-washed

There came the old Interpreters of Song,
And gave a sense to all the Goddess said.
Let the dark rack of cloud, she cried, remain
Which we have named the Past—a blank,
blot;
Henceforth, no Genius shall create in vain.
No Wonder, fit to be immortalised!

No wonder, it is to be immortal, be forgot:
All that mankind shall do, or think, or be—
All that my sister Wisdom can devise,
My followers shall garner up for me,
That when the form decays, the spirit may
arise!
No stone shall take a meaning from you, Greece

No monument of Troy he understood,
Except through me, that I have had increase
The Art of Writing—dearest gift of God!
Thus spake the Goddess, and from what moun-
tain burst
The flame of Letters, boots it not to know.
If Goddess, or Eastern Prince, first

11. *Chloroceryle*, of Eastern Ladrus first.
Filled with her passion, set the world aglow

But real-headed Ida caught the hurt,
And into rocky Chios sent the flame;
Henceforth, the path of man was made more
bricks.

And Song a rude Religious Sense became!
From high Lencenia in the Ionian sea,
From Tompe's Valley and Castalian stream,
From Arctos, Atlas, and Sicilian Isles,
From Grove, and Temple, Porch, and Academy,
From streams of old Romance, and Troubadour,
From Spanish mair, and Carthaginian mount,
From Arctos river, on old Elish shores,
Flowed Literature—a Sea from many founts.

The wonder-working Tasson from Mayence,
Who made words winged, as were those of the
gods;
Interpreters of spheres, and ornaments,
And mazes of stars, and planetary roads;
Divine Torgato, who beneath his chin,
In fancy set the Sacred Temple tree;
The Blind who saw Infinity most plain,
The Draper's Son, who wore like Destiny—
Pence to affairs of State, and sale of gold,
Silent the busy hum of wheel on wheel;
We sing to-night these Avatars of thought,
Who wrote and sang, and taught mankind to
think, and feel!

Praised be our Goddess! and her altars crown
With secret rite, and revelry, and feast,
Till powers, to bbs, and potentates fall down
Like Agamemnon to Apollo's priest!

And here beneath the shelter of her wings,
We sing to-night these Avatars of thought,
brought;
For Books are more than multitudes, or kings,
The Blind who saw Infinity most plain,
Then hail three glorious Goddess, hail, all,
Thou only claim'st the first fruits of our song,
Waste thine everance on every gaze,
Until thy worship make the world one whole.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

A Long Ride with Smikes.

BALTIMORE, MD., October 28, 1874.

Dear Spirit:—A few days ago when I
New York; I ran against Mr. Smikes who
was intently watching an official dog catcher
try to lasso a flabby looking dog. Smikes
was smiling at the time. He was in
excellent humor. Said I, "Mr. Smikes, let
go some place."

"Where?" said he.

"To Baltimore, perhaps Virginia," replied I.

We entered a postoffice station, and I
wrote the following on a postal card which I
sent to Mrs. S.:

"Dear wife:—I'm going to baltimore ar
He be away until I cum back.

Yours, EZEKIEL SMIKES"

We made a bee-line for Jersey City to tal
the cars

I suggested the propriety of providing our
selves with some fruit to eat in the cars.

Smikes is extremely good natured. He
bought two water melons, three cantaloupe
banannas, grapes and peaches.

The conductor met him on the platform
and said:

"What in fury are yer goin' ter do wit
them?"

Smikes explained. No use. The railroa
company never allow passengers to make
vegetable market of a Pullman car. Oh, n

Poor Smikes left his vegetables and fru
in New York.

We had just seated ourselves comfortably
when Smikes began to tell me of his buy-ho
days in New York, to which I listened wi
open mouth and closed ears. At this jun
ture, an accident insurance agent came in su
commenced smiling at Smikes about the nece
sity of having an insurance policy.

That agent talked to Smikes until ever
one in the car was either asleep or terrib
angry. Smikes bore up like a man who has
been and decapitated myriads of agents. Th
agent evidently felt the importance and pec
niary profit of his mission, for throwing his rig
ford forward and pointing his index finger
the indomitable Smikes, he "thusly spake
"Earthquakes, eruptions of the earth—
the face—tornadoes, water spouts, flying bri
bats, suicide, love and—"

"Hold on!" shouted Smikes. "Are y
yourself insured?"

"Yes," answered the agent.

"How much will your wife get if you bre
your neck?"

"\$15,000," said the agent.

"Well," replied Smikes, "I'll throw you
of the window and thereby put a fortune in
your wife's pocket." The insurance man le

While passing through Delaware, a count
chap got into the cars. He asked Smikes
tell him about New York pick-pockets.

Smikes always illustrates, so pointing
me, he said:

"Now that ere young feller, eettin' bees
you, may have your pocket-book this ve
niment."

The Delaware young man glanced at m
suspiciously and quickly found another
one.

The first question that my friend
asked after our arrival in Baltimore was:

brings what
in New York?"

"Well, Mr. Smikes, what do you thi
the people?" said I.

"I ain't seen many folks yit—
everybody's asleep here. The ladies
I've seen are the prettiest. Best New Yo
need any and Boston gals all hollow. They
so modest."

This opinion of Smikes' fully concide
with mine. Baltimore, I understand,
named after a gentleman whose name was B
timore, though some say Monumental C
was his cognomen. I think Mr. Lord Bal
more is dead, anyhow I don't see his na
on the door plates; but I have seen a m
whose great-great-great-great-grand-fath
used to hang round hotels chewing tobacco
and playing billiards with a distant relative
the noble Lord. On prosecuting my inquir
further, I ascertained that this gentleman w
used to hang round the hotels finally took
hang with a rope choking his neck instea
a paper collar.

Baltimore was taken by the English w
came from England in the year of our Lord
I won't be particular about dates, but I
sure it was subsequent to the building of t
ark. It is true that the English took the
city, but why they didn't carry it home w
them historians have failed to say.

Baltimore means say that their city is the fine
place this side of paradise. Bostonians, Ne
Yorkers and Brooklynites say the same
their cities. Who's right? We'll split th
difference by giving the palm to Hallow
West Virginia.

Yours truly, CALE PARTINGTON.